COMIX WAVE 156. ©Clay Geerdes, 1994. All Rights reserved. POB 7094, Berkeley, CA 94707-0991. Logo from **Bob Harvey**'s sketchbook. He went to most of the Summer cons and some of his caricatures appear in this issue.

I don't know whether to call it the Disneyfication of Marvel or the Marvelization of Disney, but Marvel just published the first issue of **THE DISNEY AFTERNOON**, reviving characters like Darkwing Duck, Talespin, and the Goof Troop. Never thought I would see such an unholy alliance.

Disneyland Fandom exists. **THE "E" TICKET** sells for $6 [sample issue] from POB 800880, Santa Clarita, CA 91380-0880. A nice zine with nostalgic photos of Disney and his trains, interviews with folks like Ollie Johnson.

Gary Larson has tired of **THE FAR SIDE** and announced he will pack it in at the end of 1994. Larson, 44, says 15 years is enough. The final **FAR SIDE** panel will appear on January 1, 1995. Larson won the Reuben in 1991.

RAGGED DICK

"The Sexual Revolution...a world of sexual imcompetents encountering each other under disco circumstances, now, can't you do songs about that?

-Frank Zappa

RAGGED DICK was one of the novels of that famous pederast Horatio Alger, Jr., but today's plastic surgeons have given new meaning to the term as they perform in-office penile extension surgery on guys who want to make a better impression on their brothers in the shower at the Y or *The Club*. Yes, businessmen are sporting bigger dicks these days as their wives pump up their sagging tits with silicone injections and implants, but at what cost? Cancer has killed off a lot of the cosmetically-deceived women whose implants leaked into their tissues and it looks like the male MBA's of the nineties want to play catch-up with their hapless mates. The ads for this surgery run in the business section of the paper along with display ads for the new topless clubs that cater to guys in the lower echelon of management. [In these clubs, playmate clones come out in business drag and remove their suits and ties until they get down to the big boobs and aerobically smooth buns peculiar to male stroke books like *PLAYBOY* and *HUSTLER*. While you could get in and out of the topless clubs in San Francisco's North Beach in the sixties for less than $20, these new fantasy sex parlors will relieve you of a hundred or more.]

So you want to have your dick lengthened? Thickened? You can have it done in about an hour and a half in a plastic surgeon's office, but a few of the risks include: nerve damage, impaired sensation, impotence, decreased penile stability during intercourse, a lowered angle of erection, unwanted protrusions of skin in the pubic area, unsightly scars, infection, gangrene and loss of tissue. Says Claudia Morain in an article in the San Francisco *CHRONICLE*: "In the thickening procedure, the surgeon uses liposuction to harvest fat from the patient's inner thigh, pubic area or hips. An ounce or two of processed fat is then injected with a four-inch needle down the length of the penile shaft. Patients are warned that the fat will be absorbed by the body over time, and that repeat injections may be needed within a year. Hazards include release of a fat globule, or embolus, into the bloodstream during liposuction. When an embolus lodges in the heart or brain, heart attack or stroke ensues. If the surgeon injects too much fat into the penis, the blood vessels that nourish the skin of the penis can be choked off, causing tissue death. Finally, the penis can end up lumpy, lopsided, bulbous or with the texture of a cobblestone street...most surgeons use limited anesthesia and perform the operations in their offices [10/3/94, p. E-7]."

Make an appointment now. Why should women suffer alone? Join the Equal Misery for Men Movement. Just think of this as a Public Service Announcement.

Par Holman sent me a stat of the cover of the third issue of Harvey's new **TOM AND JERRY**. Tom and Jerry are looking up at the crotch of a cat dancer on the cover. Both have their tongues out. Reed Waller, take note.

Moe Moscowitz, founder and owner of Moe's Books in Berkeley appears in a story in **THE STRANGERS 14**.

NASTY COMMENTS

By Clay Geerdes

Air line attendants working for Japan Air Lines were upset recently when they learned they would have to wear those idiot Mickey Mouse ears in flight. To beef up travel, JAL has licensed some Disney characters to be painted on the fusilages of their planes. Naturally, only the women will have to wear the ears originally designed for the Mouseketeers of the fifties. JAL thinks women with mouse ears will boost business and that the flight attendants who oppose wearing the ears are in the minority. Well, gee, little bunny costumes with ears and tails made big bucks for **PLAYBOY** back in the sixties, huh? Go for it, guys; there has always been big money in making women look ridiculous. Just to think about Mickey Mouse's smiling face on the plane makes me feel safer. And, after all, wasn't one of Mickey's earliest cartoons called **PLANE CRAZY**?

Tit Watch. I watched **THE GRADUATE** again last week. I've always been curious about that scene between Anne Bancroft and Dustin Hoffman in the hotel bedroom. Was she or wasn't she naked? Well, now it can be told that she *was* topless, but wore a pair of skin-colored panties. Not that you will see this on your video if you run the film at normal speed. I didn't. I stopped the tape and moved through the scene one frame at a time. Result? Anne Bancroft's tits in four frames at two different times. The eye does not register four frames, so no one who saw the film in a theater knew that Mike Nichols put those famous tits on film. Kind of makes you wonder what else is in some of these movies, huh? In one of my college psych classes, we were shown a film on subliminal persuasion. The technique used was simple; a tachistoscope flashed an image on the movie screen at various intervals. The message was BUY POPCORN or some soft drink, but it was onscreen for only a few frames, not long enough for the brain to relay it to consciousness. What the study did show, alas, was that people seeing this image *were* influenced by it, They bought more popcorn and soft drinks than a control group. Question is, what did those subliminal tits in **THE GRADUATE** do to the audience? Anyone editing a film can use this technique. In **BRENDA STARR**, there is a scene where Brenda [Brooke Shields] is climbing up out of the water and, uh-huh, her tits are onscreen for four or five seconds. In an era of blatant pornography, we must be on our guard against subliminal persuasion; some of those actors and actresses may have their clothes on for four or five seconds without our knowing it!

Well, I see by the paper they busted Clint Watson down in San Jose in mid-October. Clint is the genius who figured out a way to use a radio-wave scanner to capture the id numbers of cellular phone users who drove by his house. Clint replaced built-in identity chips in customers' cellular phones with his own new, specially programmed chips, all of which contained the id numbers he ripped off. He sold these life-time phones, called **clones** for $1 to $2 grand apiece. Ah, well, Clint, it was a helluva scam while it lasted. But relax, hell, after a couple of years in the joint, you can get a job lecturing at UCLA like Mike "junk bonds" Milken did. The old idea that crime does not pay only applies to the poor street criminal capable of one stick-up at a time. High level white collar crime pays better than ever. Look at all those Watergate guys who did a couple years in country club jails, fed and clothed by the government while they wrote the memoirs and novels that brought them millions after they got out.

SOAP SEX

Is your Mom sitting around the condo watching a lot of sleaze sex on the tube all afternoon? Michigan State Prof Brad Greenberg and his associates did a little survey of afternoon soap operas and after looking at 50 episodes, they counted 120 acts of extramarital sex and 36 acts of married sex. They counted 57 long kisses, and rape was discussed or occurred 71 times. 7 simple pettings. Tsk! The stuff our parents watch in their retirement years.

"Presumably having concluded that no jury in Los Angeles County, or probably anywhere else in the country, would, under any circumstances, order Simpson's execution, the District Attorney in effect conceded that neither the moral nor the civil law means much of anything when pitted against the heavier artillery of wealth, celebrity, and the fear of tomorrow's race riot."

Lewis Lapham
HARPER'S. November, 1994.

Never believe the hype. **PULP FICTION** is a pile of disgusting rot, a story about a lot of lowlife scumbags not worth filming, an exercise in contemporary amorality--Take the wife and kids! See tired out Travolta doing the twist. Watch the junkie burn-out follies as you listen to lots of racist trash talk. See newspaper hype praising this as a parody. Anyone can see that; it's what is embeded in the parody and taken for granted that disturbs me. One reviewer said the characters were so lovable he wanted to take them home with him. The guy probably has little stuffed dolls shaped like Jason and Freddy neatly arranged on his bed. We're talking about hired killers here, gang, the kind of people who would cut your throat for a nickel bag of smack. This loser gets the Blood Spattered Popcorn Award of 1994.

Why would I want to read a serious novel? ...a serious novel today is already too reactionary, by trying to reinterpret contemporary reality in verbal terms, making a verbal structure, no, no, no. To me, the rhythms of our thinking in the pop culture world, the domination by image, the whole way the images are put together, and so on, are way beyond the novel at this point. If a novelist does emerge now who is a product of pop culture and mass media, it is going to look quite different on the page. It won't necessarily look fragmented. I don't believe in that postmodernist thing of cutting things up. But the rhythms of it are going to be fast rhythms, and it's going to be surreal, flashing.-**Camile Paglia**, 1994.